W Bronscombe 1908

Northern Messenger

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard.

—From 'Pictures and Parables from the Bible,' Ernest Nister, London.

Idlers all day about the market-place
They name us, and our dumb lips answer not.
Bearing the bitter while our sloth's disgrace,
And our dark tasking whereof none may wot.

O, the fair slopes where the grape-gatherers go!
Not they the day's fierce heat and burden bear.
But we who on the market-stones drop slow
Our barren tears, while all the bright hours wear.

Lord of the vineyard, whose dear word declares
Our one hour's labor as the day's shall be,
What coin divine can make our wage as theirs
Who had the morning joy of work for thee!

—L. Gray Noble.

Take God at His Word.

(By the Rev. Dr. J. F. Berry.)

Several years ago, when in New York City, I became a little weary of my visit and of business, and wandered down to Castle Garden to while away an hour. As I was coming away, just outside the Garden I passed a loaded fruit-stand. Standing near the stand, feasting with his eyes on the vision of abundance, was a little street Arab, togged up in a cast-off suit of man's clothes, with sleeves cut off, and trousers cut off, and the skirt of his coat cut off, and all tied together and tied on with pieces of rope. Pale-faced and wan, with eyes sunken, the little urchin stood watching that fruit-stand from his great brown eyes. He had no money; the Italian who presided wouldn't give him any of the fruit if he asked for it; he simply stood there looking, and imagining how good it would taste—if he only might!

Now, I am usually a penurious, mean, close-fisted sort of person, but something about that sight moved me with an impulse of generosity, and I said to the lad, 'Johnny, how would you like to have all of that fruit you could eat?' The boy said nothing, but edged away. I said, 'Johnny, I used to have two little boys and I used to take them home fruit, and candy, and lots of nice things, but Johnny, one day God came down to my house, and he liked my boys, and he took them away up in the sky. They don't need candy and fruit there, Johnny; and I haven't spent any money on boys in more than a week—so I want you to eat all you can off from that fruit stand.' You should have seen that boy look at me! From crown to toe, he looked me all over, and took my measure and then started to move away. I was dumbfounded. I ran after him; caught hold of him; he pulled one way and I the other. 'Here, my boy, come back here! Don't you believe me? Come back here, and you shall have all the fruit you want to eat. He looked up at me, and said he, 'Mister, wot you say is orful good—or-ful good—but mister, that's too good to be true! Say, mister, I've lived in this town too long to be fooled by such a looking chap as you be!'

Well, I called in the Italian's assistance, and he began at the boy: 'Cohm here, leetle boy! Cohm here. Does kin' gen'lman geev you all fruits you want! Cohm here, leetle boy! C-c-c-cohm quick, or gen'lman change his min'! Cohm! All fruits you want—help yourself, leetle man!' And the boy believed the Italian in preference to me, and began to fill himself—not his stomach, but his clothes,—first a pocket on this side; then a pocket on that side; then a pocket in his trousers that went clear down to China; then another pocket in his trousers. Then he turned himself about and shook himself down, and began again, and got in another very respectable layer. As that boy went around the corner, he cast at me one long, lingering look, and that look was so full of grateful appreciation that it was ample remuneration for the outlay—and it wasn't such a small outlay, either; the things he carried off with him cost me three dollars and seventy cents.

Then I went back to my room at the hotel, and I paced the floor. And finally I said to myself: 'J. F. Berry, you've been acting all your Christian life toward God just as that little boy acted toward you! When you have been staggering under the weight of responsibility, weak and pale and haggard—God has said, "Come, my child, to the storehouse of the Gospel fruitage. Come! There is enough of grace and to spare. Withholding doth not enrich me, and giving doth not impoverish me!" And you have answered, "What you say is awful good, God, but it's too good to be true!" and you have turned away to faint and stagger and fall again.' And I fell on my face and cried, 'God forgive me for going half-famished when I might have been filled with heavenly blessings! God forgive me!' and I left that room to believe God; to take him at his word.

Let us begin to take God at his word. Let us open our hearts to him! The storehouse is full; it is open for the pouring out of blessing. Let us open our hearts! Let us open them just now!—'Young People's Paper.'

A Song of Deborah.

When Israel bowed to Ashtaroth,
And faithless sunk to sloth and shame,
Jehovah woke, Jehovah wroth,
And like a god in vengeance came

Then one arose in anger strong,
Her only trust Jehovah's name;
She seemed adorned for love and song,
But suffering turned her blood to flame.

She raised her cry: from cave and den
The people flocked: they feared her blame:
Are these the soft, the soulless men
Who bowed to Sisera, bent and tame?

'Come as of old, my sons,' she said,
'Come as of old, when Moses cried,
When blushed the closing water red
With Pharaoh's armies, Egypt's pride!'

They fought, they conquered: Sisera fled
No longer Sisera; not the same
Who placed his heel on Israel's head,
On Israel deaf to call of fame.

But when they planned the dead among,
And praised Jehovah's arm again,
'Twas hers to lead the battle-song;
'Twas hers to chant the victor-strain.

Oh! lift for her some lofty shrine,
And build her up a lasting name,
Who, made for love in peace to shine,
A people saved from sloth and shame!

—Arthur G. Butler, in the 'Spectator.'

Cherish ideals as the traveller cherishes the north star, and keep the guiding light pure and bright and high above the horizon.—Newton Dwight Hillis.

Religious News.

Fifty years ago, at a great meeting in Cambridge, England, David Livingstone made his memorable appeal on behalf of the native people of Central Africa. One answer to that appeal was the beginning of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. A strange linking of opposites, some may think—the ancient universities, with their wealth of learning and culture, and 'darkest Africa,' with its barbarism, cruelty and ignorance of God. But as a result for nearly fifty years the universities have taken the lead in supporting the 'U. M. C. A.,' and have given some of their best men to its work. The staff of the mission now includes 30 clergy, 20 laymen and 55 women (all unmarried), besides 19 African clergy and 305 native helpers and teachers. Over 8,000 children are enrolled in the mission schools; the adherents number 17,000, of whom nearly 6,000 are communicants. The 'U. M. C. A.' deserves to rank with the wonderful C. M. S. work in Uganda as one of the leading missionary enterprises on the dark continent. Its motto has ever been 'forward.' Gradually pushing in from the centre at Zanzibar on the coast, its stations now minister to the people over a wide area. The formation of a new diocese is now being considered. Its roll of missionaries includes some of the heroes and martyrs of modern missions—men like Bishops Steere, Smythies, Tozer and Maples. In the earlier days of the mission the climate worked deadly havoc with the staff, but though men fell at their posts after only a few months or years of service, others have been ready to take their places.

The 'Missionary Record' says: 'The magnitude of the purely foreign mission work of the United Free Church of Scotland is realized by few, even of its most prayerful supporters. Since the union of the two Churches in the year 1900, our missionaries have been evangelizing the dark races in 15 regions of the world—in Manchuria, India and Arabia; in Cape Colony, Natal, and tropical Africa; and in the New Hebrides Islands of the Pacific Ocean. To these peoples—Buddhist and Hindu, Parsi and Mohammedan, and demon-worshippers—our Church sends more than 300 ordained medical and women foreign missionaries, or 443 in all, including missionaries' wives.

The fruits of all this we find:

1. In native Christian communities numbering 85,370 persons, old and young, of these 5,565 were baptized last year, and 45,987 were communicants.

2. No fewer than 86,901 of both sexes received a Bible education daily in the many colleges, theological halls, training institutions, and schools conducted by some of the missionaries.

3. Our 50 medical missionaries preached the Gospel to upward of 500,000 waiting to be healed or convalescent; while they treated 7,000 patients in the hospitals, and performed more than 12,000 surgical operations.

Work in Labrador.

A SUMMER VOLUNTEER.

One of the foremost workers on the Labrador Coast last summer was Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose letter to the quarterly organ of the Canadian Grenfell Association, 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers,' is full of interest. She writes:—

Dear Mr. Editor:—

On starting for Labrador, my mental picture of my destination, was a decidedly sketchy one, with indeed but two meagre details to give character to the first drawing; these were, that for the first four weeks of my stay, my headquarters would be at a fishing station, working from there as a centre along the coast and that after that I would go to Indian Harbor Hospital.

What a fishing station was like I had no idea only that one hundred and fifty men were employed and that I was to be with one Edwin Grant and his family. With such information a volunteer nurse bound for Battle Harbor for the summer—Miss Richardson, a skilled graduate of the Boston City Hospital—and I, fared forth to the unknown.

On the SS. 'Home,' which sailed from Bay of Islands for the Labrador, were two staterooms; we had one. Besides ourselves, a manager of fisheries and a Labradorite, who was to revisit his native land after thirty-seven years, all the passengers were fisher folk for the north. Watching the farewells some realization of what the stern north demanded of her children was brought home to me. It was pathetic to see the men bidding good-bye to their families. One poor fellow was playing his mouth organ to keep up his spirits and those of his wife who had brought the baby to see him off, but the tears would trickle down.

We sailed out of the Humber mouth freighted to our limit with supplies for the coast, and so many passengers that they were sleeping, not only in steerage and in the dining saloon, but stowed away in every possible place. It was soon discovered that I was the doctor whose prospective trip down the coast had been made known in the Newfoundland paper, that the people might avail themselves of aid, and oh, the eyes! every kind of trouble from need of glasses and glare of snow and water. We had a number of cases of grippe on board and I was surprised to find so much sea-sickness among the fisher folk. All who had occasion for help were so grateful. Reaching Port Saunders about eleven o'clock at night the second day out from Bay of Islands, we were at the railing watching the disembarking of freight when I heard a voice behind me: 'Is this Dr. Withington?' There stood a young man who added: 'Are you the Deep Sea Mission Doctor? We've been waiting for you. Will you go a half mile up the coast to see a very sick woman? I'll ask the captain to hold the boat. I am Mr. ——, a Catholic teacher here.'

Along a dark, lonely path we went, the waves lashing beneath, and overhanging spruces revealed occasionally by the uncertain light of the lantern; suddenly through the darkness loomed a little house, a silent group of men outside the door. Passing through a woodshed where a man was rocking a baby, and through an ante-room with four children asleep, we found a patient dying from pneumonia consequent to a heart difficulty. She was, however, able to talk and so glad to see us. After a few minutes I told her attendant, an aunt, that she had better send for a priest—'a priest! is there a priest here?' she exclaimed, her face brightening, but the pity of it, neither priest nor doctor on this lonely coast can hear and answer at will the cry of need. I gave what comfort I could and as we passed out I said to a man at the door: 'Are you her husband?' 'No, thank God, that poor fellow over there.' The pathos of his only reply when I told him of his wife's condition is not easily forgotten. 'Oh, we've been watching for you these two weeks; if you'd only come before.' The teacher spoke with great warmth of the work of the Deep Sea Mission and how people, especially farther down the coast could only realize what it means to them by losing it some day.

Our last call on the Newfoundland coast was at Flower's Cove, where we took on board one of the Canadian nurses who had been deposited there on the previous trip, the 'Home' not having been able to get any farther through the ice. One of the Canadian nurses was stationed there and came out for me to go ashore to see a child with appendicitis.

As we approached Blanc Sablon, my destination, I could see a nest of isolated buildings between some high terraces of sandstone stretched with snow fields, and in the rear sand dunes and a lonely river winding down through barren plains with the Bradore hills in the distance. Smoke was rising from a chimney, the Grants had landed two days before! It was with a bit of a lonely sensation that later from the 'the Rock' I watched the 'Home' steam off up the coast, but this was soon dispelled by the hearty welcome and kindly hospitality of my host and his family.

A shock to the stranger on the Labrador is the absolute lack of sanitation on most of the coast; coupled with the fact that the drinking water is generally taken from pools in the rocks. The progressive manager of the fisheries at Blanc Sablon had the water brought from the hills in pipes and had introduced allied innovations, but this splendid example is one of the few exceptions to an almost universal rule.

My first patient was the proprietor of the Room across the bay whose finger had been riddled with fragments from an explosion and who was in a fair way to blood poisoning. That first day a man came from an island for me to go to see his daughter, the sea was decidedly choppy and I wasn't reassured to hear the skipper say: 'Don't break that oar or we're done for.' The girl I was called to see was the third and only remaining daughter, the other two having died of tuberculosis during the past two years; this girl was probably breathing the same air they did, the only means of its being freshened was from an adjoining shed, the door at the end of which was seldom opened. 'But you have no fresh air here!' I exclaimed. 'Oh, no, Miss,' the mother responded cheerfully, 'we never takes off the double windows.' They were quite willing, however, to wrap her up and let her sit out of doors, but it was too late, she died before I left the coast. One day a girl from the cook-room came to my surgery, holding one badly swollen arm with the other, 'rheumatism' she said; as I examined it, she observed, 'he scrunches' and he did scrunch, for it was broken.

She was splinted and a few days later I found her, splint off, scrubbing a floor. She held up her arm. 'He's wabbly'—she had not found scrubbing compatible with a splint, but cleanliness had to be sacrificed and the bones made a good union.

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1908.

Our Heavenly Home.

John xiv., 1-14. Memory verses 2, 3. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

In my Father's house are many mansions. John xiv., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 27.—John xiv., 1-14.
Tuesday, April 28.—John xiv., 15-31.
Wednesday, April 29.—John xv., 1-11.
Thursday, April 30.—John xv., 12-25.
Friday, May 1.—Rev. xxi., 1-13.
Saturday, May 2.—Rev. xxi., 14-27.
Sunday, May 3.—Rev. xxii., 1-14.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have any of you ever moved to a new house? The first thing you do is to run all over it, isn't it? You want to know all about it because you are going to live here for some time, and you want to see just what kind of a house it is. Perhaps mother and someone to help her went on before you, and you went to stay with auntie for a day or two until it was a little bit ready and more comfortable for you. When mother first told you about the new house you were going to, of course you said, 'What kind of a house is it, mother? Where is it? Are there many little children living near there? Will it be big enough for us all?' and all sorts of questions like that; then mother would smile and tell you something about it, but most likely say 'Wait and see. I can't explain it all now, and you will soon be there,' especially if there was a lovely surprise waiting for you in the new home, something you had never seen before. Now you will all remember how our lessons have been growing very sad lately, because Jesus knew he was going to die and the disciples did not understand. In our lesson to-day he saw how sad the disciples were about his leaving them and so he tells them about the beautiful heavenly home to which he is going and why he has to go and leave them behind. He tells them something about this home, that it is large, who it belongs to, how they are to get there, who will be there, how he is going to get it ready for them, how he is going to send some one to comfort and help them while he is away, and then that he will come again and bring them to this new home himself. Now let us see the different verses in the lesson that tell us all this.

FOR THE SENIORS.

A study of the accounts of the last supper as given in the four gospels will show sufficient reason for the blindly groping disciples to be in the depths of distress. Jesus has assured them, and assured them at last so convincingly that they now believe him, that he is about to die, and that, too, after cruel pain and ill-treatment,—this means the utter loss of all their hopes, a turning into blind bewilderment of all their supposed reasons for the mission into which they have so enthusiastically entered. He has told them that one of their very circle will be his betrayer,—bringing into their hearts a mistrust of each other and even of their own selves. He has definitely told the impetuous impulsively warm Peter that that night, before the crowing of the cock announces the dawn, he will have denied all knowledge of his Master,—and each is questioning, 'If Peter so fails, what may not I do?' They are all bowed in silent misery, self-distrust and loss of hope in anything, when this chapter opens. Christ points their thoughts to the one faith that still holds strong—'Ye believe in God,' 'Think then of what God means to you, of how I have worked for God, lived for God, and glorified God at all times. God's will has been mine at all times. Ye believe in God, then you must believe in me.' 'Ye believe in God' then you must believe in a future life. It is this life into which I am about to enter again.' And so on go the pleading, tender, words linking always to where their weak faith holds strong. How deeply they affected John is evident in the detail and length in which he reports them so long afterwards, and in their persistent echo through all his own writings. The promise of verse 14 is often misconstrued. 'In my name' is the condition and only those things that can be done in Christ's name are implied. An influential friend desiring to help you in a difficulty may say, 'Go to Mr. Blank, he is a great friend of mine, and tell him he may use my name to secure you what you need.' You take the permission gladly and visit Mr. Blank. Your first request is that he buy certain shares which you believe to be of value. Mr. Blank, in a position to know better, says, 'Pardon me, but I could not bolster up a faulty concern with my friend's name, I have his good name to consider.' A request to place you at the head of a business for which you can show no fitness calls out much the same answer. A further request that he manage to ruin a financial rival of yours produces a still more indignant refusal from the man who is to use his friend's good name in these transactions. A humble, honest desire to do the best you can and fill some position for which you are fitted will lead Mr. Blank to recommend you in his friend's name to where such a position is open, but first, for the honor of his friend's name, he will satisfy himself that you are fitted for the place in question. Somewhat in that way we must trust to God's omniscience to answer the requests we make in humble reliance on Christ, not to accede to our demands merely because we mention Christ's name at the close of our supposed prayer.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 8. Philip was right in thinking that our best evidence of immortality comes from the vision of the Father. I cannot understand how any man who has a firm conviction of the fatherhood of God can be skeptical about the immortality of the soul. . . . The highest evidence of immortality is the vision of a God who has a relation to the human soul. The very incompleteness of that soul then becomes an argument in its favor. For, in the light of divine fatherhood, we say, 'God will not leave His structure unfinished; He must have determined to finish it elsewhere! Tennyson cries, "Thou art just; Thou wilt not leave me in the dust." If God be our Father, His mercy and justice are one.' The yearning of the human soul becomes itself a claim. The aspiration of the human heart becomes itself a right; the cry of the human heart becomes itself a call for the fulfilment of a promise.—George Matheson, Representative Men of the New Testament.

Verse 2. In adding that if hopes for the future life were baseless, He would have told them, Jesus seems to guarantee the deep instincts of human nature as correct interpreters of God's mind toward man, as well as to confirm any hope which His own words may raise.—George Reith.

Verse 12. What were the greater works that the disciples would do? 1. They are held by some writers to be greater even in the physical realm. Moreover, 'our Lord wrought miracles for three years and a little over, in a limited territory; but the disciples wrought miracles for a generation, in widely separated countries.'—R. S. MacArthur, D.D.

2. But still more remarkable were the triumphs of the apostles in the spiritual realm. Christ had at his death 620 disciples, so far as we are told; Peter won 3,000 to Christ by a single sermon. Soon the Roman Empire, which crucified Jesus, was submissive to the power of the cross. 'The existence of the church is really the most wonderful of miracles. . . . The conversion of a soul is a still greater miracle than the healing of a body. . . . Evermore the harvest time must be greater than the seed time.'—MacArthur.

3. These greater works are no disparagement of Christ, but his glory, since they are all done by him. The Gospels are the record of what Christ 'began to do and teach' (Acts i., 1); later history is a continuation.

4. 'Never were the opportunities so great as now for doing great things for God and man. The whole earth is a whispering gallery making known the name of Jesus Christ. Telegraphs, telephones, steamships, and railways have girdled the earth as never before. Doors are opening into every heathen nation. To-day India is as near to America as once Great Britain was. Oh, that God would arouse his church to do these greater works!'—MacArthur.

Without the way there is no going; without the truth there is no knowing; without the life there is no living: I am the Way which thou shouldest pursue; the Truth which thou shouldest believe; the Life which thou shouldest hope for.—Thomas à Kempis.

If we would have God hear what we say to Him by prayer, we must be ready to hear what He says to us by His word.—Matthew Henry.

Prayer must mean something to us, if it is to mean anything to God.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Bible References.

I. John iii., 2; Heb. xiii., 14; II. Cor. v., 1; John x., 9; Rom. v., 2; Heb. x., 20; Eph. ii., 18; John vi., 40; I. John v., 12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 3.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. V. The silver lining of dark clouds. Ps. lxii., 43. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 27.—Prayer of the humble. Ps. ix., 12.

Tuesday, April 28.—Believing prayer. Matt. xxi., 22.

Wednesday, April 29.—Praying with all the heart. Deut. iv., 29.

Thursday, April 30.—Praying trustfully. Ps. xxxvii., 5.

Friday, May 1.—Praying in trouble. Ps. l., 15.

Saturday, May 2.—Praying together. Matt. xviii., 19.

Sunday, May 3.—Topic—The kind of praying God likes. Matt vi., 7-13. (Consecration meeting.)

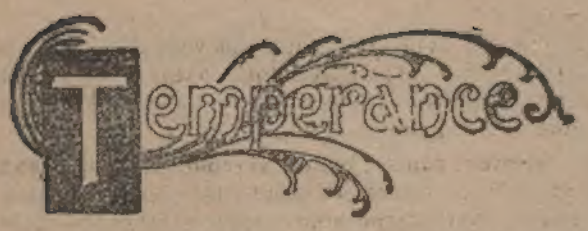
The Golden Text.

I like to think, on Lord's Day morn,
Of the hosts of children far and wide,
Their faces fair and their brows unworn,
Who blithely sit at a mother's side,
Conning, in tones so low and sweet,
Over and over, with patient care,
Till by heart they know it and can repeat
The Golden Text, be it praise or prayer.

For praise or prayer it is sure to be—
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Culled from the sacred treasury,
And fit for a royal diadem.
I like to think, on Lord's Day morn,
Will know that truth when their heads are gray,
That the hallowed phrase their souls will cheer
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

I sometimes muse on the Lord's Day eve,
When the Golden Texts have all been said,
And my tender fancies I like to weave
Over many a small white bed.
The children sleep till to-morrow's morn,
Armed for whatever is coming next;
Their strength and courage alike unshorn!
And the sword they will carry—the Golden Text.

—Margaret Sangster.



A Gift of God.

God gave a gift to Earth—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,
Earth took it coldly, and in scorn,
Cursing the day when it was born.

She gave it first a tarnished name;
For heritage, a tainted fame;
Then cradled it in want and shame.

All influence of Good or Right,
All ray of God's most holy light,
She curtained closely from its sight.

Then turned her heart, her eyes away,
Ready to look again the day
Its little feet began to stray.

In dens of guilt the baby played,
Where sin, and sin alone, was made
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care,
He learnt the tasks they taught him there:
Black sin for lesson—oaths for prayer.

Then Earth arose, and in her might,
To vindicate her injured right,
Thrust him in deeper depths of night—

Branding him with a deeper brand
Of shame he could not understand,
The felon outcast of the land.

. . . . . .

God gave a gift to Earth—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

And Earth received the gift, and cried
Her joy and triumph far and wide,
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blest the hour when first he came
To take the crown of pride and fame,
Wreathed through long ages for his name.

Then bent her utmost art and skill
To train the supple mind and will,
And guard it from a breath of ill.

. . . . . .

She shed in rainbow hues of light
A halo round the Good and Right,
To tempt and charm the baby's sight.

And then the World arose and said—
'Let added honors now be shed
On such a noble heart and head!'

O World! Both gifts were pure and bright,
Holy and sacred in God's sight—
'God will judge them and thee aright!'
—A. A. Proctor.

A Doomed Army.

'Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching.' How many of them? Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army, ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children, and our children's children.

'Tramp, tramp, tramp!' the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp! the earth shakes with the thread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp! comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death.

What are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

Meantime the tramp, tramp, tramp sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity, and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death.

Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forget—there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp goes on, and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.—'Scribner.'

Telling Fortunes.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad,
For you to accept or refuse—
The one of them good, and the other one bad;
Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down.
With apples of russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown;
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barn-doors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast,
See men that are threshing the wheat on the floors,
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes, they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

Now which will you choose—to be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?
—Selected.

When men in all stations of life so strongly condemn cigarette smoking and so repeatedly warn young men and boys against it, the question comes to me again and again. Why will boys not take warning? Why will they smoke cigarettes when they know they are so injurious and harmful?—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

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April Number

—of the—

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(For our "Special Family Club," see page 15).

Correspondence

G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the township of Cornwallis in Kings County, very near the North mountain. The longest branch of the Cornwallis River runs through our farm and joins the other main branch at Berwick, about five miles away. We sometimes get quite large trout out of it. We are four miles from the D. A. Railway, but a good many farmers are much farther away, and they are asking for a short line near the mountain. A great many apples are raised in this country, and the orchards are a fine sight in spring and autumun. It is very pretty here I think, for we have a great many trees around the house and a small flower garden in summer. If the Editor of the Correspondence page could make us a visit we could give him a good time.

EMILY HOWARD.

[Thanks, Emily, and we are sure you could.—Ed.]

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received my premium watch and am very much pleased with it. I am very thankful for the watch and it keeps splendid time so far. I have a pair of skates and a gun and have shot eight birds since Christmas. I am 10 years old and have a little sister three years old. I am very fond of flowers and have 14 house plants, some of them in bloom now. I have some pretty Chinese sacred lilies. I have a garden of my own and raised lots of things, among them two kinds of pop corn, red and white. I had a bantam hen that layed two eggs in a day once or twice a week. I hope you will excuse me for mistakes and I will do better next time.

MACKLEM H. LEARN.

[Not many mistakes, Macklem, but why shoot the sparrows? Are they very troublesome around your home? We of the city, would sorely miss our only little feathered inhabitants, and they stick by us all winter too.—Ed.]

S., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little hockey player aged 12. Cowansville came down here a while ago and we beat them 10 to 3. I play spare man for the 'Sutton Pony Hockey Club.' We have four horses and their names are Bessie, Barney, Nellie, and Molly. There are 18 stores in Sutton, five blacksmith shops and five mills. Sutton is not a very large place. The population is about one thousand, but we have a rink here. It is nearly summer and we will have some fun.

EDWARD D.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Lifeboat.' Georgina Bowe (age 12), T., Ont.
2. 'A Vase of Daisies.' Aileen Hanna, P., Ont.
3. 'Penknife.' Victoria Marsh (age 12), L., Ont.
4. 'Chinaman Carrying Tea.' Wesley B. Matthews, S. G., N.B.
5. 'Box.' Lulu Brundage (age 8), B. P., P. Que.
6. 'Old French Willows.' Helen D. Beals (age 9), U. C., Ont.
7. 'A Good Friend.' Willie P. Blackwell, C., Ont.
8. 'House.' Roland Brown (age 9), H., Ont.
9. 'Our Dog.' Muriel W. (age 7), P. C., Ont.
10. 'A Duck.' Merrick McKay (age 13), L., Ont.
11. 'At Sea.' A. E. Cowan (age 11).
12. 'Bowl.' Susan Ford (age 10), P., P. Que.
13. 'A Pair of Clubs.' ——, Shakespeare, Ont.
14. 'Rosie.' Hester Brown (age 10), H., Ont.
15. 'Out for a Sail.' Arnold Brown (age 12), H., Ont.
16. 'A Lady.' Kitsie Ford (age 12), P., Que.
17. 'A Saddle.' Fred. E. Bergman, P., N.S.
18. 'Piggie.' Jim Cavers (age 6), A., Ont.
19. 'Pump.' W. B., Vankleek Hill, Ont.
20. 'A Boat.' Hannah Ford (age 6), P., P. Que.
21. 'The Hunter.' Harold Clegg (age 6), B., Ont.
22. 'Pump.' Cecil L. Sherrard (age 9), S. G., N.B.
23. 'House.' Flossie Brundage (age 10), B. P., P. Que.
24. 'Harry Giving Bill a Ride.' Theodore Estey (age 8), W., N.B.
25. 'My Watch.' Nellie Sobey (age 6), P., N.B.
26. 'My House.' Mabel Wray (age 10), Toronto.
27. 'A Boat.' Frank Ebbett (age 9), M., Alta.
28. 'A Mug.' E. B. (age 10), Vankleek Hill, Ont.
29. 'A Ship.' Harold Reaveby, L. J., Ont.
30. 'Our Barn.' Lizzie Hartley (age 12), O. S., Ont.
31. 'Sweet Sixteen.' Eleanor Mews (age 12), S. J., Nfld.
32. 'Out for a Sail.' Nellie Moffat (age 10), B., Ont.
33. 'A Bird.' Russell Townsend (age 10), B. R., Ont.
34. 'Coffee-Pot.' Arthur M. Johnson (age 10), W., N.S.
35. 'Bird House.' Grace Smith (age 10), N. P., P. Que.
36. 'Farm House.' Eleanor A. Sutherland, D., P. Que.
37. 'Horse.' Leon Estey (age 10), W., N.B.
38. 'Japanese Soldier.' Yoshio Takahashi, I., Japan.

OTHER LETTERS.

Mildred Lynds, F. V., N.S., asks this riddle: Two men were in a balloon and it burst. What nationality were they when they came down?

Alex. Real, G., Ont., goes 'to school across the road. I like my teacher very much, but we need a new schoolhouse.'

Mary Cavin, B., Ont., answers Nellie Moffat's riddle (April 3)—your name. This is a question Mary asks: Why is the letter o like the equator?

Verna Frances Sears, Harold A. Sears, and Edna Hope Sears, all send little letters telling about their farm home near a large lake, in Alberta. As their drawings are in each case on the backs of their letters, both cannot be printed.

David W. Hall, S. I., Ont., says, 'We played a lot of hockey here in the winter, but the ice is all melted now.'

Carrie S., lives in Protectionville, N.S., 'but it is nearly always called "the Sugary," because the Indians used to make a lot of maple sugar here.'

Eleanor Mews, S. J., Nfld., writes, 'I attend the Steadfast Mission Band, and we held a social last week, making $125.00, which will go to support an Indian girl.'

Florence Moore, S., P. Que., says, 'My papa keeps prize hens and he has a few chickens already. We have a kitten who can beg nicely.'

Kathleen A., Lauder, Man., likes her teacher very well. 'She whips the children when they do not work or behave, but I have not had a whipping yet from any teacher.' We should hope not, Kathleen.

Ada Pearl Smith, N. P., P. Que., says, 'We are in the midst of the sugar season now. I expect to attend school next month and my auntie will be my teacher.'

Mamie I. Cairns, F., P.E.I., asks several riddles, but they have been given before. She says 'We have a small orchard and grow several kinds of fruit.'

Olive Beyea, S. J., N.B., asks, 'What is it that everyone overlooks?

Gladys Thomas, C., Ont., says, 'We are going camping this summer, and my sister is coming home for a while.'

Yoshio Takahashi, I., Japan, sends another letter that we shall be glad to put in later on. He says they are having snow now in his home.

Catherine Black, A., N.S., asks several riddles, but forgot to send their answers. We will see about that mistake Catherine.

We also received little letters from Gladys E. Fulton, S., Ont.; Mabel Wray, Toronto; Annie V. Fraser, R. R., N.B.; Arthur M. Johnson, W., N.S., and Ethel Jessop, S., Ont.

FROM OUR RECENT LETTERS

Every day our boys' mail is full of such letters as these. They need no comment, except to say the ones we give to-day are all NEW, just in, and never in print before.

I received my fountain pen and blouse pins, and they are very satisfactory. My sister was delighted with the blouse set. Next month I will send an order to you for more 'Pictorials.' I am working for a stamp with my name on it.

Some of my friends saw my pen and wanted to trade with me, but I think I have a better pen than any of them.—Willie Carson, D——, Que.

I received the watch and chain yesterday. It is a 'daisy.' Many thanks.—P. C. W. Campbell, N——, Ont.

I thank you very much for the watch and chain. (It's a 'buet'!) I think very much of it. I thank you.—Robert Porter, Ont.

I received the pen the other day, and I am very well pleased with it. It is very good for so little work. The papers sold very well.—Arthur McGlaughlin, Ontario.

My last papers sold so fast and well I have got to have more. I have earned my stamp now. Please send it on—also my perseverance prize.—Jas. Turner, F——, N.B. Sent already, Jimmie!

I received your card and my watch chain, and I think the chain is very nice. I have liked all the premiums so far and I like my camera. I will get nine orders for April for the jack-knife. I can't sell anything for anybody but you, because you are very honest. Hope to hear from you soon. Your young clerk, Murray Denton, P——, Ont.

Lots of room for more boys—hundreds of them! And a hearty welcome and generous treatment! Every boy reader of this advt. is invited to send a postcard for a package of 'Pictorials' to start on, a complete premium list, etc., etc. (See further advt. of the 'Pictorial' elsewhere in this paper).

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Shine Just Where You Are.

Don't waste your time in longing
  For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
  For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
  Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
  By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
  As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
  When it is worthily done;
You may never be called to brighten
  The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
  By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
  Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
  Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
  That no gloom or darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
  Will be shining wherever you are.

—Selected.

Watching for Weak Points.

A great commander was engaged in besieging a strongly fortified city. After a while he concentrated his forces at a point where the fortifications were stronger than at any other, and at 2 p.m., under a bright sun and a clear sky, ordered an assault. When expostulated with by an under officer, the commander replied:

'At this point such a general is in command. At this hour of the day he is invariably accustomed to retire for a long sleep. When informed of our approach he will deny the fact, and send a messenger for information. Before the messenger returns we shall gain possession of the fortress.'

The facts turned out exactly as predicted.

'Yonder weaker point,' said the commander, 'is held by General ——. There is no use in attempting to surprise him; he is never off his guard.'—'Leader.'

Courage.

It requires more courage to be kind and merciful than it does to be cross. It requires the heroism of a warrior to be a peacemaker. Kindness is not only courageous, but contagious.—Rev. G. E. Cutting.

The Patriarchs.

(By Emma S. Allen, in the 'Classmate.')

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob went sullenly off to school on Tuesday morning. Monday had been a terrible day—a regular 'black-letter' day in their lives. They fairly hated the sight of the Lafayette Grammar School, looming gaunt and forbidding in the heart of the Sixth Ward.

The Board of Education had not considered it worth while to paint the building in years, and its grimy, soot-streaked walls were in perfect keeping with their surroundings and with the smutty-faced children who congregated there.

The Weinstein boys were 'new' in the Lafayette Grammar; and as there were fewer poor Jews in the ward than any other nationality, they were immediately pounced upon as 'great game.' Over in the beautiful Second Ward, where they had lived all their lives, there were scores of wealthy Jews, of whom their father had been one, and it had been all sunshine there. On the way home that dismal Monday they had been pelted with gravel until they were desperate; yet at the steps of the sorrowful flat they called home they swallowed their wrath manfully. There was Mother Leah, work-worn and heart-broken, to be considered.

'Don't tell mother, Abe,' said Isaac, that they called us "sheenies."'

'What do you take me for, Ikey, anyway?' retorted the elder brother. 'I guess I know enough not to give her anything more to cry about as well as you do.'

Mother Leah did not get home until after six, and by that time the boys had forgotten their griefs in the loving labor of preparing the evening meal. Abraham was stirring a savory stew and Isaac was setting the table when the sad-faced mother climbed the stairs and entered the little world of comfort left to her.

Mother Leah had never been brought up to labor, and when the great fire destroyed her husband's store and ruined his business, at a time when his health was already broken, the burden laid upon her had seemed, even then, more than she could bear. But when death entered the home, already under the pall of poverty, and claimed the husband and father, she felt that Israel's God had utterly forsaken her.

When the home had passed under the auctioneer's hammer, and she had saved enough of its furnishings to fit up in comfort a five-room flat as far from the scenes of her old, happy life as she could get, she found employment in Levi & Samuels's great clothing establishment, and took up her grievous load with the fierce courage of despair, a bitter spirit of rebellion eating her heart away.

Tuesday morning opened with a volley of the same ammunition that had suspended the hostilities of Monday—gravel. It began to rain, intermittently, a block from home and ended one block from the school-house, without inflicting any wounds save those on the mental feelings of the victims. At the school-house gate a roar of laughter boomed from a group of big boys, like the explosion of a cannon on the wall of a fort.

'Here comes the Patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob'—yelled Pat Flynn, as he advanced across the asphalt pavement of the 'boys' side' of the yard—a gloomy quadrangle, slippery with the ooze of a heavy fog that dripped from the coal-blackened roof of the Lafayette Grammar like tears of ink.

It was nothing new for the Weinstein boys to be called 'the Patriarchs.' It was impossible not to associate such a trio of illustrious names with ancient Jewish history—and even in the 'loved and lost,' the Longfellow School, boys had been boys. But the nickname had been bestowed in a spirit of harmless fun over there. Here, taken up on the tongues of the Irish, the French, and the Spanish, even hooted by the dusky Mexican 'Dago,' it was insult added to injury.

Abraham's temper gave way first, as usual.

'You hush up, you low-lived, snake-killing Saint Patrick, he retorted.

Whereat a storm of jeers rent the air of 'Sheenies! Sheenies! Sheenies!'

'Hi, there, you Jacob! Get out o' here! Scat!' yelled the pugnacious son of Erin. With a terrorizing dash toward the younger brother, a timed child of ten, he gained the broad cement walk, when Abraham, with a sweep of his arm, mowed him to the ground.

'Run along over on the other side, Jakey,' cried Abraham, his face white with rage, 'and if one of 'em dares to touch you, I'll lay him out too.'

At this juncture the principal's stern hand gripped his collar.

'Come up to the office, you young rascals, all three of you,' he cried. 'Every mother's son of you is a disreputable fighting scoundrel.'

In the principal's office a young teacher stood waiting for an interview with her head, to receive some instruction in regard to her work. She, too, like the 'Patriarchs,' was 'new' in the Lafayette Grammar—so cruelly new that her sweet young face still bore traces of her disappointment over the ignominious 'drop' in her career from the refinement and elegance of the aristocratic Second Ward to the 'Unspeakable Sixth.' She had been 'transferred,' which, being interpreted, means that her desirable place in the Longfellow Grammar was needed for a more favored aspirant. It was a bitter trial for Miss Eloise to give up her seventh-grade class of 'cherubs' and come over here; out of the sunshine of prosperity into the grime, the poverty, and the shadow. But Miss Eloise was not one to dwell long in shadow.

After all, she cheered herself, it would be only a few hours of the day that she must dwell under a cloud. A half hour's ride on the car, after three o'clock, brought her again into the world of sunshine, her own delightful environment. There was the beautiful parlor of 'Victoria,' her 'sunnyside' boarding-place, with its kind, motherly hostess, the bevy of other young teachers, the homelike dining-room, and table bright with light and laughter and bountifully filled.

O yes, she could easily get away from the shadow. And yet—O, the memory of her beloved brood!—dainty, sweet young girls and manly boys, the petted darlings of homes of comfort. She was sure she could never love these children—grimy, ill-kempt, and worse bred—their very souls steeped in shadow, their footsteps set in the ways of darkness. None of them would bring her flowers—February violets, April roses, and October chrysanthemums—until her desk looked like a section of a floral fair; or fruit—rosy-cheeked apples and golden oranges. No, indeed! None of them ever had a flower or an apple to give away; she was afraid they never had one for themselves. On the contrary, they all seemed appealing to her—and for what? Was it for the very sunlight of life which she had always taken, instead of given, in her first two delightful years of teaching?

Their forlorn, vicious little faces had haunted her all night, after that first Monday of longing for her old flower-filled school-room across the city, in the 'sunshine ward.'

The principal greeted her with a crusty 'good morning' as he ushered his victims into 'the lion's den' and took down a rawhide strap.

'What is it you wish, Miss Marston?'

Miss Eloise did not hear. She was across the small room, with both hands extended to the slender, handsome lads whose eyes, for flashing fire, had failed to see her.

'Why, boys! You here? So you are transferred, too!' she laughed. 'I'm so glad to see you!'

'O, Miss Eloise!'

Both the senior 'Patriarchs' uttered the exclamation of joy in one breath. They held on to her soft white hands as to pieces of a shipwreck in a desolate sea.

'Well?' said the principal, inquiringly.

'Why,' Miss Eloise explained, 'the Weinstein boys here were my pupils last year over in the Longfellow Grammar. What are you doing here, boys? Have you moved? O yes, I remember; your poor father died last spring.'

'Yes, and the fire a year ago made us poor,' said Isaac, unashamed.

'And so we're nothing but "sheenies" over here,' burst out Abraham, with a flash of scorn at the Irish lad and a defiant glance at the principal. 'If you please, Miss Eloise, tell the principal that the Second Ward boys never insulted us as these fellows do, and how we wouldn't be here if we hadn't lost our money, and then our father too. We didn't mind the Longfellow boys calling us 'Patriarchs' in fun—they just couldn't help it on account of our names—but they weren't mean about it. And if I get licked for knocking that fellow down for pitching into my little brother, I'll quit school and go to work to help my mother, as I want to do anyway, only she won't let me. She wants me to finish the eighth grade before I go into Levi & Samuels's big store, where she sews, to learn to be a clerk.'

The bully of the 'boys' side' was staring hard at the eloquent young son of Israel, and the principal's face had softened into a smile, while pretty Miss Eloise, a dainty vision in a blue skirt and white shirt waist, stood with a hand on the shoulder of each of the 'Patriarchs.'

'And they were good boys over in the Second Ward, Miss Marston?' the principal asked.

'Among the very best,' was the emphatic answer. 'Perfect gentlemen always, and they are still, I am sure. If they are in any trouble, rest assured it is no fault of theirs.'

From that hour the fiery furnace of persecution was tempered to a mild and agreeable warmth in the Lafayette Grammar. At re-

cess only two or three faint cries of 'Sheenies' and 'Patriarchs' fitted to the boys' ears, and even Pat Ryan betook himself to a safe distance before droning out the senseless ditty,

"'Where, O where, are the Hebrew children? Safe in the promised land.'"

How they longed yesterday for the 'promised land'—the one they had lost! They fancied they knew now how the children of Israel felt when they were in bondage in Egypt.

It was not at all hilarious for them to-day, for no one paid much attention to them; but it was a comfort to be let alone, and to know that they were not the only ones in exile, since Miss Eloise, too, had been banished from Canaan.

She came at noon, with her lunch basket, and asked if she might sit at meat with them in their lonely corner, taking pains to first wash her dainty hands at a faucet near by, as she had observed them doing with Jewish scrupulousness.

'They never eat with unwashed hands or with Gentiles,' she heard Pat Flynn bawling across the yard.

Miss Eloise paused, flushing. 'That isn't so, is it, boys?' she asked. 'If it is, why—I will—'

'Of course it isn't so—with you,' said Abraham, moving to give her room between them on the settee. 'You're awfully good to us, Miss Eloise.'

'O,' laughed the young woman, sweetly, 'I am just good to myself. I am lonely, and it seems so good to see your familiar faces. It isn't homelike over here for us; but we'll help each other to make it so, for ourselves and others too, will we not?'

If they had loved Miss Eloise in the sunshine they almost idolized her here in the shadow, as the days went by and they gradually entered into the games of the motley crowds. They even wished themselves back in the seventh grade that they might be near her all day.

School life brightened with the brilliant October days. Even the sun seemed kinder, falling in golden softness on the smutty building with an almost pitying touch. Flowers, too, found their way into the school-room after Miss Eloise set the example of buying a dozen pots for her windows. The older teachers, worn and faded from long service in the 'bloody sixth'—perhaps bitter and unsympathetic, too—blessed the day of her 'transfer.'

The 'Patriarchs' were not slow to transfer as much of Miss Eloise's free sunshine to their little shadowed home as their tongues could carry, and a reflection of it's light sometimes glinted across their mother's sad, hopeless face, like a lost sunbeam astray on a snow-covered grave.

'I should like to see her,' she said one evening as she stitched on her never-finished mending.

'And I should dearly love to see her,' said Miss Eloise, when thoughtful Isaac told her of the wish. 'May I come next Saturday afternoon and call on her? That is your Sabbath, I believe, and she will be at home.'

'No, she works then too, all day,' said the boy. 'Levi & Samuels have to keep the store open then; it's the busiest day of the week. So we keep your Sabbath at home. Mother never goes to the synagogue any more; it's so far, and she's so tired, and the carfare costs so much. But she reads the Scripture to us, and we boys sing the psalms.'

Miss Eloise smiled softly at the quaint utterance.

'Then I will come Sunday afternoon, my Sabbath, and I want you boys to sing the psalms for me,' she told them.

Miss Eloise did not go 'home' at all the following Sunday afternoon. Somehow the ugly flat, forlorn without as a weeping, dirty-faced child lost in a fog, but cheery within as rich furniture, bright carpets, and pictures—the relics of lost affluence—could make it, seemed 'homeier' than her boarding-house. She almost felt that she belonged there, close beside the little woman of sorrows, whose heart her visit had filled to the brim with its sunny cheer, and so she yielded to the importunities of the 'Patriarchs' and stayed all night.

'Dear,' said the little Jewish mother at bedtime, after the boys had sung their evening pslam, 'I have been so heart-broken I could not pray, and the prayers I read bring no comfort. But you who have lost home and friends, yet can be happy still, you will pray, will you not, that the God of Israel will take this bitter rebellion out of my heart?'

Without waiting for an answer the mother and her boys bowed their heads, according to the Jewish form, and Miss Eloise followed their example, her heart misgiving her. How could she pray, in the presence of unbelieving Jews, to Him whom they rejected—her dearest Friend?

No words came to her lips, and the stillness grew oppressive; then, in trembling accents, she repeated simply the Lord's Prayer.

Half afraid of what she had done she sat with her head still bowed and her hands folded in her lap until an arm stole about her waist. Mother Leah's face was wet with tears.

'That was his prayer, the Christ's whom my people crucified,' she murmured. 'Is it the shadow of his cross on my path that makes the way so dark? Sing something, Miss Eloise, a song of your faith that will go as deep into my bitter soul as that prayer. If only something might sweeten the waters of Mara for me!'

Miss Eloise crossed the room to the old rosewood piano of Mother Leah's happy girlhood, and striking a sweet chord sang with angel sweetness:

"'Fade, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine.
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.'"

The boys had gone quietly to their room, with loving good-nights, and the guest with her hostess to the really luxurious apartment which held the dearest remaining treasures of the broken-hearted Jewess.

Miss Eloise had thrown off the spell which her holy song had cast upon the little group by a sudden return to sunny cheerfulness.

'Oh, what a lovely room!' she exclaimed, at sight of the dainty richness. 'It reminds me of Longfellow's "golden room in a wooden house." Why, dear, you haven't lost near everything yet. Count all that remains—your noble boys first—and all these mementoes saved from the wreck. Why, I haven't nearly so much, only my room in the 'Victoria,' and a few pictures and books that were my father's and mother's and brother's.'

'And yet,' said the little Jewess, 'you are happy and your life is full of sunshine, even here in this dreadful section, just because "He is yours!" Perhaps, Miss Eloise, if you will come often, as you have to-day, out of your sunshine into our shadow, with other messages from Him, He will be mine too.'

Miss Eloise put her arms about the black-shrouded figure and kissed the sweet, faintly-brightening face under the fluff of jetty hair.

'I will come every Sunday afternoon,' she promised, gladly.

And that night, for the first time since her widowhood, Mother Leah's pillow was tearless.

'It almost seems as though your coming has made the sunshine itself brighter,' she said the next morning as they parted at a corner, each to her day of toil in the shadow. 'And I know you have made my heart lighter. Where is its heavy burden? I almost miss it.'

Miss Eloise smiled tenderly, triumphantly. 'At the foot of the cross,' she said.

A Real Knight.

A pleasing sight it was, I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused; when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or derbys; and as for greaves—well, knickerbockers are more common to-day.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

'What's the matter?' I heard him say.

Alas! the 'matter' was that the bundle she held had 'bursted,' and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of wrapping-paper also proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the 'bursted' bundle under his own arm.

'I'll carry it to the laundry for you,' he said, in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

'Was that boy your brother?' I asked.

She shook her head.

'Did you know him?'

Another shake.

'A real gentleman,' said I. 'A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him!'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

A Boy's Sister.

Maud felt a glow of pleasure when Mr. Wisner, who was rising to go, told her how greatly he enjoyed the evenings he passed at her house. It was flatteringly pleasant to know that her society was found agreeable by the very interesting young electrical engineer, who had recently come to town as manager of the new trolley line of which her father was part owner.

'I am a most domestic person,' he said, 'and it's a real privilege to me to be allowed to visit here informally.' He glanced appreciatively at the pretty pictures, quantities of books and vases of flowers. 'Do you know, this attractive room reminds me of our old library at home, where my sister and I passed some of the happiest evenings of our lives. We used to play checkers, read aloud and have all sorts of good times together. I always feel that I owe a world of gratitude to that dear sister of mine, who kept me so well entertained at home that I was never tempted to join the boys who went downtown every night. There's nothing like a good sister to keep a lad out of mischief, is there? I've never had the pleasure of meeting your brother. He is out of town now, is he not?'

It was a careless question, asked with no motive other than polite interest, but it brought the color surging into Maud's face quite unexpectedly.

'No, Arthur isn't away. He is out a good deal. I hope he will be home the next time you come.'

A moment later, when Maud stood alone, her cheeks were still burning and she felt uncomfortable, as if she had been sharply reproved. She remembered with painful clearness the many evenings that Arthur had fidgeted restlessly about the room, while she, engrossed in a novel, had only looked up long enough to inquire impatiently why he could not sit still.

'Because,' he had replied that very evening, 'it makes a fellow nervous to sit around with nothing to do or no one to talk to. With father always busy upstairs at his laboratory work and you with your everlasting reading, it's a pretty dull house, and I think I'll go out where there's something doing.' He had gone and Mr. Wisner had come and had been greeted with bright vivacity that might have surprised Arthur, who had left his sister too absorbed in her book to notice his sulky departure.

'I haven't the least idea where Arthur went,' she said to herself, drearily. 'I never know where he is evenings. Mother wouldn't have been so neglectful. She would have kept him happily at home. I haven't done what she would have expected of me.'

Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of that dear one, who in years gone by had filled the home with the sunshine of love and harmony.

'Oh, mother, forgive me,' she said softly. 'I'll try to do better; I'll try to do better.'—The 'Advance.'

Father's Mania.

'See what I can do, daddy,' said Lucie, showing him a page covered with good imitations of his own signature.

He paused to look at it. 'Clever work, daughter,' he said, 'but I wouldn't copy other people's signatures. We send men to the penitentiary for doing that, you know.'

Lucie shrugged her shoulders a little as she left the room.

'Father's so cautious it amounts to a mania,' she thought, as she wrote his name again, making a special effort to reproduce the elusive flourish that followed the middle initial.

A month or so later at high school she was unexpectedly summoned to the principal's office, where she was informed that Maud Hogarth, one of her classmates, had just been expelled from school.

'She hasn't been doing good work this year, Miss Dewhurst,' the principal said to Lucie, 'and last month the marks on her report were so low that she was ashamed to take it home for her father to sign. So after worrying about it for a few days, she dared Chester Barnes to get a blank report card for her out of the drawer where her room teacher, Mr. Favrile keeps them; and Chester did it, not believing, he says, that she would really make use of it. Then Miss Hogarth made out a new, flattering report for herself, placed Mr. Favrile's name in full at the foot, and took that home for her father to sign. At the same time she copied her father's signature on the real report card, and handed that back to Mr. Favrile.'

'Oh!' and Lucie gasped.

'You're surprised, and no wonder. To put it plainly, she committed forgery. That is the reason I sent for you. When I was questioning her it came out that that which first put it into her head to do this was sitting behind you one day in the study-room when you had your report card tilted against your inkstand and were amusing yourself by copying the signature "Louis Favrile" over and over.

'Wait. I don't hold you responsible for what she has done. I have taken some pains to inquire, and all your teachers tell me that you are a young lady of the highest honor. But I do want to say this: You've been warned now by this unfortunate occurrence that it's a safe plan to let other people's signatures alone; and after we have once been warned we are responsible.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Are You This Kind of a Boy?

A larger boy was scolding a smaller one, at the close of a summer vacation, because a certain task remained unaccomplished.

'You promised your mother,' said the youthful mentor, with severity, 'that you would study your arithmetic at least fifteen minutes every day, and you haven't studied ten minutes all summer. You've had lots of time. Why didn't you do it?'

The little boy shuffled his feet and looked miserable. At last he whined:

'I ain't had such an awful lot of time as you think. I wanted to get along in my 'rithmetic 's much as she wanted me to.'

'You wanted to!' sniffed the elder boy, contemptuously.

'Yes, I did want to.'

'You might as well not have wanted to. You didn't want to enough.'—'S. S. Messenger.'

Promising and Performing.

The person of sanguine temperament and optimistic disposition is likely to be lavish in the matter of promises and to make pledges that are not always easy of fulfilment. When it comes to performance the genial promises prove but broken reeds, not because there was intentional deceit, but because circumstances were not properly taken into account. There are plenty of people who mean to make calls on their friends, to write frequent letters, to return borrowed books promptly, to send a neighbor the recipe she desires or the pattern she longs for and who promise expansively to do whatever they are asked and then swiftly proceed to forget their promise as completely as if it had not been made. Of course there are unfortunate persons with very short and untrustworthy memories. Nothing leaves a definite impression on their minds. It is not of these that one thinks with censure, since they are to be pitied far more than blamed. The easy insincerity of the agreeable man or woman who never denies a friend, who even volunteers to do gracious and kind things and then fails utterly to do them is like the loose plank on the bridge that slips under the foot and sends the unwary traveller into the flood beneath.

Performance should keep pace with promise in every deliberate transaction. Emergencies arise, making performance at times impossible. Illness, disaster and bereavement afford excuses for the non-fulfilment of promises, but in the ordinary course of life people should say what they mean and mean what they say.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Our Little Echo.

We have an echo in our house,
  An echo three years old,
With dimpled cheeks and wistful eyes
  And hair of sunny gold.

This little echo, soft and sweet,
  Repeats what others say,
And trots about on tireless feet
  Upstairs and down each day.

It makes us very careful not
  To use a naughty word,
Lest in the echo's lisping tones
  It should again be heard.

Which would be such a dreadful thing,
  As any one may see,
Who has an echo in his house
  A little over three.

—'Spectator.'

A Question of Sunday Study.

'Did you see the signs on Mabel's door when you came down the hall?' asked Marion as she slipped into the room where her chum was preparing for the night.

'Nothing except "Busy" sign that she has had up all evening. Both she and her roommate are rushed to death with that awful philosophy paper.'

'I guess the plain "Busy" didn't work, for she stuck on a "Very Busy" and then a "Please Don't Come In." Since then the girls have been putting on some more just for fun. Mabel and Edith will find their door all covered to-morrow morning. There's "Don't tease the animals," and "Small-pox, typhoid fever, and measles within. Keep out!" and "Sources of human joy, also of human wrath to be found here." Their paper is something about human joy, you know. Terribly deep.'

'I wonder how late they are going to sit up.'

'Why, haven't you heard? To-morrow is Sunday, and both Mabel and Edith are great on Sabbath observance. They are going to go to bed at twelve to-night and get up at twelve to-morrow night to work on their papers.'

'Well, of all the foolishness! Though, of course, I don't believe in Sunday study myself, except when you have to.'

'Mabel and Edith seem determined not to "have to,"' said Marion dryly.

'Oh I suppose if it comes to that, you never "have to" do anything. It's a choice of two evils. Those girls will be so tired that they won't be good for anything all week. See if they get up for church to-morrow.'

'It does seem rather foolish,' admitted Marion.

'Foolish! It's criminal to ruin their health so. I think it would be much more sensible to take a good night's rest, go to church, and then study in the afternoon if it's necessary.'

'That's what I told Mabel. She said that such a plan might be wiser for a single occasion, but that she didn't want to get into the habit of thinking that she could study on Sunday. The only really good way to do, she said, was to get the lessons done long enough ahead of time, and since she hadn't done that, she wanted to make it so hard for herself that she would never again leave a paper till Saturday night.'

'There's something in that,' confessed the room-mate. 'I've formed the habit of finishing a few lessons Sunday afternoons, and it's so hard not to leave more and more work to do then.'

'Yes,' said Marion, 'and I was going to read Macbeth to-morrow. You know the old argument. Shakespeare's much better reading than the Sunday literature you find; why need the fact that it's your lesson interfere? I've said to myself so often. But when I heard what Mabel was going to do, I told her to wake me up at five o'clock Monday. It's better to be too good than not good enough in such matters,' she added, laughing.

'I believe you are right,' said her roommate. 'If you will pull me out of bed when you get up Monday, I'll cut out the Sunday study, too. I was going to read philosophy.'

'Let's run down and visit the mission Sunday School in the afternoon. They have been wanting me to teach a class there, but I said I was too busy.'

'Lights out!' called the proctor, rapping on the door.

But as the two girls blew out the lamp one of them whispered:

'Are you going to tell Mabel how much good her shining example did?'

'Perhaps,' laughed Marion, 'but I'm afraid it might encourage her in the nefarious practice of getting up at midnight to study. I'm not quite saint enough to approve of that even yet.'

'Neither am I,' answered the room-mate, sleepily.—'Advance.'

'What's Come Over Murray.'

(By Richard S. Holmes.)

Talking recently about the Presbyterian Brotherhood with a very alert-minded pastor, we said, 'Should one hundred young men approach one hundred pastors each with the question, "What Christian work can I do?" there would be one hundred pastors at their wits' ends, and one hundred unsatisfied young men. No earnest young man will be satisfied with the answer the average pastor will make to that question, and the average pastor cannot answer it, for he does not know how.'

'Let me tell you a story,' was the reply. 'A young man came to me recently, asking that very question. I said to him, "What time do you rise in the morning?"

'"At half-past six," was the answer.

'"What time do you have breakfast?"

'"At seven o'clock."

'"What do you do next?"

'"Go to the offices where I work."

'"What do you do there?"

'"Work steadily until twelve o'clock."

'"What do you do then?"

'"Go to lunch."

'"What do you do next?"

'"Work steadily until half-past five, or six, and sometimes later."

'"What do you do next?"

'"Go to supper."

'"What do you do next?"

'"Read the paper, or sometimes go to a concert, or a lecture, or a play. Too tired to do much. Loaf around home generally."

'"What do you do next?"

'"Go to bed."

'"Is that a sample of every day?"

'"Yes, of every day."

'"When would you do Christian work, if I gave you any to do?"

'"I don't know."

'"Murray," I said, "God has so placed you, so filled your day, that you don't see where you would get time for Christian work, and I don't see. I think God does not mean for you to add any Christian work to your daily burden."

'Murray looked at me a moment, and said, "I guess that's so," and he rose to go.

'"Wait, Murray," I said, "are there other men employed where you are?"

'"Yes—many," he answered.

'"How do you do your work: as well as the rest, or more poorly, or better?"

'"Oh, as well as any of them, I think."

'"Do they know you are a Christian?

'"Why, yes, I suppose so."

'"Do they know you are anxious to do Christian work?"

'"No, I don't think they do."

'"See here, Murray, here's Christian work you can do; start to-morrow. Do your work better than you ever did. See what needs to be done as you never did. Help the other fellow who is behind, if you can. Let them all know you are a Christian, not by talking, but by living. Get in a helpful word here and there. Get some fellow to drop his oaths. Get some fellow to drop his beer. Show Christ living in you and controlling you. Preach the gospel among your associates by the best life you can live with God's help. I think that is the Christian work that needs to be done on a big scale. Try it. Will you?"

'He thanked me, said he had never looked at the question from that standpoint before, and went away.

'Six weeks after I met the superintendent of his department in the offices of the great corporation where he works. He said, "Isn't Murray one of your men?"

'"Yes," was my reply, "why?"

'"What's come over Murray?" he said.

'I could only say, "I don't know." I didn't know anything had come over him.

'"Well, there has. He's the best clerk in the whole force and has developed into that in the month past. He's the best influence about the whole place. The men all notice it. There's a different atmosphere in his department. He's a Christian now, sure; quiet, earnest and full of a spirit that imparts itself to others. Something has come over Murray!'

That was the pastor's story. We think the solution of the much-mooted question, What can we do for Christ? was reached by that pastor in that one case. When the members of Young Men's Clubs begin to live in the circles where God has placed them the Christ life up to the measure of their power, there will be more real service done for Christ than this generation has seen. The brotherhood that brothers up to unbrothered men in everyday life will accomplish more for Christ than any number of brotherhoods whose end is met by constitutions and by-laws and meetings and addresses and banquets and longings for opportunities to do Christian work—what, they know not, where, they know not, when, they know not.—The 'Westminster.'

No flower can flourish with a grub at the root. The secret enemy may be safely hidden underground, but its results are sure. No young life can develop and become successful with a secret sin lying at its roots and feeding upon it.

The African Buffalo's Best Friend.

The tezor, a little bird, constantly attends on the buffalo, hunting and destroying the tiresome, biting, and stinging parasites that

infest the animal's hide. It also warns the buffalo of the approach of danger, with its ears as busy as its beak.—London 'Christian Herald.'

Travelling in the Kurku District of India.

The workers attached to the Kurku and Central Indian Hill mission frequently travel by ox-cart,—a very slow and cumbersome mode of progression. The waggons, not being supplied with springs, are far from comfortable, especially to one who rides in them for the first time; indeed, so uncomfortable are they that Europeans, if the weather permits,

frequently prefer walking, using the waggon only for carrying their luggage. One of the Kurku missionaries, intending to adopt this plan, despatched his cart at three a.m., giving orders to the drivers to wait for him at a certain place. He followed several hours later, when, to his surprise, he overtook the lumbering vehicle three miles from the starting-place. The drivers, who were heathen, had got intoxicated on the way, and were driving in an aimless manner.—London 'Christian Herald.'

Doing Right Because it is Right.

Doing right because it is right, and for the sake of the God of right alone, is the only right rule of life. It was the glory of Christ's life that it was a life of perfect right-doing. He perfectly fulfilled all righteousness. He could say of his life before God: 'I do always those things that are pleasing to him.' By his perfect right-doing he proved to men his participation in the divine nature, which is Right. 'The very works that I do,' he declared, 'bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me.' Our Lord did only what was right, and he showed himself to be the Son of God by the way he infallibly discovered and unfailingly did that which was perfectly right.

This must be our fundamental law. It is right to ask advice of others, to consider their views, to measure the consequences of different courses of action. We should leave no means of inquiry or investigation unused in order to be sure of what is right. But, once we have found it, we are to do it just because it is right, not because of what others say about it, or because of what its consequences may be. Friends may counsel against our folly. They did in the case of Christ. The consequences of what we do may be disastrous. They were in Jesus' case. But all this is of no significance whatever. What is right? That is all we need to ask. The right thing is the only thing to be considered.

'"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;
A flag to guide the battle of each day,
A motto that will peace and courage give.

'"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Wise words, that clear the tangles from the brain;
Pleasure may whisper, doubt may urge delay,
And self may argue, but it speaks in vain.

'"If it is right, there is no other way!"
This is the voice of God, the call of truth;
Happy the man who hears it to obey,
And follows upward, onward, from his youth.'

'I can't be sure as to what is right,' some say. But that is the widest possible error. 'The word is very nigh unto thee,' is true of all duty. Some right deed is never out of sight of each one of us. However much there may be doubtful, there is within the field of vision of every soul at least one unmistakably right thing. If we will do that, other things will appear in God's own order. The thing which God has set for us which is the right thing is never far off. 'It is not in heaven,' God says to us as he said of old, 'that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.'

To this law of life, right as right to be done because it is right, we must cling as the one supreme law.—'S. S. Times.'

'Strong minds suffer without complaining; weak ones complain without suffering.'—Rochefoucauld.

Remarkable Bargains.

It often happens that a big store overstocks on certain lines, and what remains may have to be sacrificed to make room for other goods ordered to arrive on a given date. The goods that must in consequence be sacrificed in Clearance Sales through the Mail Order Department, may still be exposed at the regular rate on the big store's own counters—thus a decided advantage is shown to shoppers by mail. Moreover, shoppers by mail get the direct attention of departmental managers and often get better service than if they went into the store itself, where there is so much crowding at the counters that the sales clerks have to divide their attention between several customers at one time. Moreover, these big stores do an enormous and ever increasing amount of business through the post office where distance counts for nothing. No more stamps are required for sending a package to the Pacific Coast than from Toronto to Hamilton. Or it may be that the parcel, too large for the post, must be sent by express. But doubtless these great stores get specially low express rates on account of the enormous number of packages they have to send.

Some splendid bargains are being offered from week to week in this paper. The advertisers will always be best pleased if you refer to having seen the advertisement in the 'Northern Messenger.'

LITTLE FOLKS

An Umbrella Party.

By M. L. Branch, in the 'Youth's Companion,'

It was an umbrella party,
And it met down in the street,
I saw it from our top window,
And all the umbrellas had feet!
The biggest umbrella was bobbing,
And the little ones all bobbed, too,
As if saying, 'Happy to meet you!'
As if saying, 'How do you do?'
The smallest umbrella had trouble,
And dropped book and slate in a pool,
By which I knew the umbrellas
Were making their way to the school.
But the biggest of all and the tallest
Soon strode off in haste down the street,
He perhaps was a truant umbrella,
Whom the little ones happened to meet.
Then the little umbrellas went running
And hurrying out of the rain
Through the door of the little brick schoolhouse,
And I did not see them again.

Bessie's Buttons.

Bessie was learning to sew on buttons. Her mother had marked the places where they were to go and Bessie was sitting beside the open window, sewing them on her new dress. They were pretty, white pearl, with little stars cut on every one. Bessie just loved to look at them as they lay arranged in a row on the window sill, shining in the sunshine.

'I've sewed on three,' said Bessie, and she reached out her hand for the fourth, when in some way she knocked six of them out of the window.

'Dear me!' she said, 'now I shall have to go out and pick them up. I hope I'll find them all.' So she took off her thimble, laid the dress across a chair, and ran out into the yard.

Somebody was there before her, and had picked them up, every one. Mr. Toots, the big, snow-white rooster; was standing under the window, and the last button was disappearing within his beak when Bessie came around the corner.

Now Bessie was very fond of Mr. Toots. He was quite tame, and whenever she caught him, she would lay her cheek against his smooth neck and hug him. Wherever he saw her he would come up on the doorstep, 'on purpose to be hugged,' Bessie said. She fed him every morning, saving the nicest crumbs for his breakfast, and he loved to walk about the garden with her.

But now, when Bessie saw what he had done, she turned and ran into the house as fast as she could. She was almost crying. 'O mamma, mamma,' she cried, 'Mr. Toots has eaten six of my buttons, and he will die!'

Mamma looked surprised; then she smiled. 'Oh, no, Mr. Toots won't die,' she said. 'Buttons are just the sort of things Mr. Toots needs to chew his food with.'

Bessie opened her eyes wide at that, and her mother laughed. 'You know Mr. Toots hasn't any teeth,' she explained, 'so he has to grind his food in a little, tough bag inside of him, which is called his gizzard. But there needs to be something hard, like gravel stones or bits of crockery, to mix with the food and help grind it fine as the gizzard squeezes and squeezes it. Your buttons, with their fine edges, will be nice for that purpose.'

And just at that moment Mr. Toots answered for himself in a hearty voice, looking in at the door. 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' he said; which meant, 'Nonsense, don't worry about me!'—'Home Herald.'

How the Parrot Went Upstairs.

Molly was sick. She had not been downstairs for two days. 'I'm so lonesome!' she sighed. Then more brightly: 'I wish you'd let Ellen bring Cuba up to see me. Her cage could hang here by the window, and we'd be lots of company for each other. I dare say she's lonesome, too.'

The mother promised that the parrot should be brought upstairs; but directly afterward something else claimed her attention, and she forgot Molly's request. Hours passed. Molly wondered why Ellen and Cuba didn't come. Finally she fell asleep. She was awakened by a familiar voice saying softly, 'Hello!'

'Why Cuba, my darling!' she cried, for there was the bird perched on the foot of the bed, surveying her solemnly. 'Come right here!' she called; and the parrot obeyed, cuddling contentedly against her mistress's cheek.

'Poor mother!' crooned Cuba. 'Too bad! too bad! Kiss Cuba,' putting her bill up to Molly's mouth with a peculiar sound.

'Why don't you invite a fellow in?' came from the doorway.

'Why, Tom!' said Molly, looking up to see her brother peeping

around the corner. 'Did you bring Cuba up?'

Tom laughed and chuckled, 'She brought herself up.'

'Now, Tom,' protested Molly, 'you know better. She can't fly.'

'Well, perhaps she didn't come up those stairs her own self, and perhaps it wasn't the cutest thing I ever saw!' And Tom laughed again.

'Oh, what was it? How did she?' cried Molly excitedly.

'I wish you could have seen her. I caught sight of her on the lowest stair, and watched to see what she was trying to do. She took hold of the carpet with her beak, as high as she could reach, and just climbed up. Then she'd catch hold again; and that's the way she pulled herself along, stair by stair.'

'Oh, you midget!' cooed Molly. 'You are the dearest bird!'

'She'd be cuter,' said Tom, 'if you didn't baby her so.'

Whereupon Cuba left off kissing her mistress long enough to say, 'Bad boy, go away.'

Tom went, followed by Molly's shrieks of laughter and the parrot's chuckles.—'The Sunbeam.'

The Anxious Leaf.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!' The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree.

And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go until you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing and went on nestling and singing.

Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could pull it off. And so it grew all summer long until the autumn. And when the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw all the little leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: 'O branches, why are you lead color and we golden?' 'We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for a holiday because your tasks are over.'

Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream—a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last for ever.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Five Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—BY AND BY.

Then set upon him quick, I say
With this good hunter, named—
I'LL TRY.

Among the vines in my small lot

The swift young hunter RIGHT AWAY.

Creeps in the young fox—I FORGOT.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I CAN'T.

Then hunt him out and to his pen
With—I WILL NOT FORGET AGAIN.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—
I CAN.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I DON'T CARE.

NO USE IN TRYING—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then let I'M SORRY—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,

—Selected.

The Rivals.

'Twas Mary Melinda Baker's doll,
With her head of shining hair,
A waxen nose, and ten pink toes,
A fan, and a real high-chair.

Mary Melinda Baker's doll,
Was an airy sort of thing;
Though I never heard her speak a word,
And I know she could not sing.

Now Peter Frisby Hamilton Jones
Was a perfectly lovely dear.
He was a cat, as black as my hat
No tail, and a slit in one ear.

Mary Melinda never will know
How her doll stirred up that cat;
But she was the one 't fuss begun,
We fellows are sure of that.

How do girls know what dolls will do,
When they are away at school?
A girl in their place would make up a face,
Which aggravates boys, as a rule.

So we think that doll with her waxen nose,
Just turned it up at Pete—
At nine she was there, in her real high chair;
At night we found one of her feet.

—'Wide Awake.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Wife

When through dark wilds and doubtful mazes,
O'er thorny paths perplexed I rove,
And many a luring meteor blazes,
And patience many an hour hath strove;
When worn with care, my spirit sinking,
No more elastic, strong and free,
Despondency's sad draught is drinking,
And hopes like fading shadows flee;
Oppressed, half weary of my life,
Thou art my solace, faithful wife!

Like some lone spot of verdure springing,
The desert's dreary waste to cheer,
Which, chance the weary wanderer bringing,
Yields soft repose by fountains clear;
E'en thus, on earth's wide desert smiling,
Appears my home, one fairer spot,
Where joy springs fresh each care beguiling,
And noise and discord enter not;
Of home, bright resting-place of life,
Thou art my soul, my noble wife!

When, duty's urgent call obeying,
I wander from that home and thee,
My truant thought is ever straying
Backward thy gentle face to see;
And when again my footsteps turning
Bear me thy warm embrace to meet,
That thought with fond impatience burning
Sweeps onward than the wind more fleet,
And stays not till, life of my life,
It rests with thee, my charming wife!

When comes at length the hour of meeting,
I give and take the fervent kiss;
Oh, with the thrill of such a greeting
Can earth compare another bliss?
The joy of that eternal union
That ransomed spirits round God's throne
Unites in heaven's own communion,
Excels it, but excels alone;
That be it mine, to endless life,
With thee to share, my angel wife!

—Selected.

Children's Spending Money.

Most thoughtful parents agree, nowadays, writes Lily Rice Foxcroft, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World,' that it is best for children, even very young children, to have their spending money come to them regularly in the form of an 'allowance.' Papa or Mamma may make a gift now and then, but the child is not encouraged to expect it, much less hint or ask for it. He must meet his own financial crises independently, by his own forethought and prudence, or one of the chief benefits of the system is lost. Even supplementing his little income by 'earning' money of his own is not always so desirable as it sounds. To pay a child for small services about house and farm which are only his proper contribution to the general helpfulness is absurd and unnatural—it would be far better to increase his allowance outright. To turn him loose on his neighbors, ding-donging at their bells with subscriptions and soap, is worse yet. If in the playtime that is fairly his own he can find real work that really needs to be done, and will do it on a real business basis—no fancy prices—that, of course, is legitimate enterprise. But opportunities of this sort are not so common in real life as they are in juvenile fiction.

Questions of income settled, there remain the more perplexing problems of outgo. It seems clear, as a first principle, that the child must be allowed to spend his nickels and dimes with the least possible parental interference if experience, that excellent teacher, is to have her fair chance with him. A few restrictions in certain lines—eatables and explosives, for instance—may be made at the outset. But if the boy wants to put a week's money into a balloon that will burst in a day, he must be left to find out the folly of it himself, if it is a folly.

But though father and mother may not constrain, even by too obvious approval or disapproval they may advise, and in the normal,

Loyal Canadians

will all want a Flag when the Prince comes.

Never before in the history of Canada have so many flags been flown as will wave this year on Empire Day, Dominion Day, and during the great Canadian Tercentenary at Quebec, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales comes over. It is nearly fifty years since the Dominion was last visited by a Prince of Wales, now His Majesty, King Edward, and it is fitting that the strongly growing sentiment of a Canada as a great nation, with a great place, and a great responsibility, within a great Empire, should find expression in the waving of flags and banners.

For over three years past the publishers of the 'Montreal Witness,' believing the possession and use of a good flag was a great aid in fostering loyalty and enthusiastic devotion to our country and the Empire, have been making it possible for schools all over Canada, and for Sunday Schools, clubs, or private individuals, to obtain first quality flags in the easiest possible way, in fact WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY.

Schools from all over the Dominion have tried this plan and been delighted. 'More than satisfied.' 'Agreeably surprised at the beautiful quality of your flag.' 'Amply repaid for the trouble taken.' 'Children most enthusiastic about the splendid flag you have helped them to secure for the school-house.' Expressions like these have been the burden of every letter of acknowledgment.

The following letters are but an index to all:—

From the Sec.-Treas. of the school at Saskatoon, Sask.:

'Your flag is a flag. No one thought it would be half as good, as, generally speaking, premiums are made of the cheapest material; but not so this time. The people in this section (Diova) are now satisfied at having obtained their flag so easily, and wonder why more of the neighboring schools did not take up the grand offer. Thanking you for your prompt attention to our subscription.'

From the teacher of the class that won a four-yard flag for the whole school at Kamloops, B.C.:

'The flag arrived in good order a few days ago. It is in every way satisfactory. We are all very much pleased with it. The pupils saw me coming with the parcel, and immediately there was great excitement, but on opening the parcel their enthusiasm almost went beyond bounds. There is no doubt of their being good loyal Canadians, and that you have helped them along this line. Thanking you for enabling me to place so fine a flag in this school.'

BELMONT SCHOOL, NEAR EDMONTON, ALTA.

showing the bright boys and girls who secured through the 'Witness' the fine new flag for their school.

As this flag offer has recently been reopened for its spring work, now is the time for anyone who wants a really fine flag to get one FOR EMPIRE DAY.

These flags are of best marine bunting, imported direct from one of the leading British manufacturers. They are well stitched, canvas bound, fitted with rope and toggle, ready to put up, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. They come in various sizes, all uniform in make and quality. Carriage is paid in full on all flags sent out.

Any school, Sunday School, cadet corps, society, or individual wanting one of these flags should send us a post-card at once, and we will send promptly colored flag cards outlining our plan, also full particulars, testimonials from those who have had our flags, and all necessary helps. DO IT NOW.

Address FLAG DEPARTMENT, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

sympathetic household their advice will be often asked and taken. Here, as at so many other points in the training of children, time for talk and discussion and the comparison of ideas, is of the greatest possible value. Not only lessons of practical utility, of wise discrimination in quality and durability, such as will stand the little shopper in good stead when he—she—is the head of a house, but lessons in the higher regions of art and ethics can be taught while the total in the tiny pocketbook is being matched against the bewildering possibilities of the store window.

Mrs. Frederic Harrison, writing in a recent number of the 'Cornhill Magazine' on the household expenses of our grandmothers, comments on 'the apparent ease and luxury of their family life with their small general expenditure,' and ascribes it to 'the general restraint in the small personal items which count for so much in the family budget of to-day.' Her suggestion is one for parents to bear in mind in their guidance of their children. A day at the beach can be enjoyed even if the contents of the child's purse are not all emptied at the lemonade counter and the merry-go-round, and a sensible child will soon learn to understand that it is neither pleasant nor creditable to come home penniless. Account-books play the same part with children as with older people in promoting this 'restraint in small items,' and the sooner the child can be taught to use one, the better. A small premium on accounts that balance, by the way, gives Papa an excellent pretext for adding to the childish resources.

Children, like the rest of us, are helped to habits of prudence and self-denial by having some object in view for their savings. But the object must not be too large, or its remoteness may discourage the child. With children of the doggedly persevering type, on the other hand, there is the danger that the habit of hoarding may crowd out others more desirable. And it is not wise, either, to stimulate the childish ambition toward prizes too far beyond its natural reach—contentment is a better lesson for these strenuous days. Perhaps the ideal object for a child's savings is one that can be bought a little at a time, or added to from time to time, like a stamp collection, or an outfit of tools, or a set of books.

The delight of spending for others is one that most children appreciate early, and to teach them to save with that in view is not hard. Birthdays and Christmases should be planned for far enough in advance to get the benefit of the stimulus which they afford It is easy to interest children in charities, too, if father or mother will take a little pains in presenting them. Work for other children, like that carried on by the Fresh Air Funds, or the children's hospitals, appeals to them at once, and the literature sent out by such organizations, with its attractive illustrations, is often admirably adapted for reading aloud to them. If the child can have a glimpse of their practical working, or be allowed to take his own little subscription to the office and come home with his receipt in hand, it will be all the more real.

But if he is to have a fair idea of the claims of these charities upon him, he must understand that much larger sums than come out of his small bank are given from the parental purse in his behalf, just as food and clothing are provided for him, and that when he is old enough to assume the larger responsibility for himself, the larger obligation toward others will be waiting for him, too. Too many young people, it is to be feared, carry on into the period of independent self-support the habit of giving by the old childish scale.

Free.

The quieter and more undisturbed our little ones are, the more freedom they are given to wander in the fields and play in the brook and dig in the ground, the less they are occupied with exciting sights and complicated toys—elaborate dolls, puzzling contrivances that need winding up, perfect mechanical inventions that require no labor of small hands to complete them—the more normal and rational human beings are they likely to become, and the more complete and unfettered will be their development.—Nora Archibald Smith.

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Pianos, under $150, $10 cash and $4 per month.
Pianos, under $250, $10 cash and $6 per month.
Pianos, under $350, $15 cash and $7 per month.

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In ordering send your second and third choices in case the first should be sold before your order is received.

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LANDON — 5-octave walnut organ by the Landon Co., St. John, N.B., in handsome walnut panelled case, with extended top. Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, etc. Special Sale Price $34

THOMAS — 5-octave parlor organ by C. L. Thomas, Woodstock, in attractive solid walnut case with high top. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells. Special Sale Price $39

DOMINION — 5-octave parlor organ by the Dominion Organ Co., in solid walnut case, with high top. Has 8 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds in the treble, 1 set in the bass, 2 knee swells, etc. Special Sale Price $39

BELL — 5-octave parlor organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in attractively decorated case, with high top. Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, etc. Special Sale Price, $40

FARRAND & VOTEY — 5-octave parlor organ by Farrand & Votey, Detroit, in attractive walnut case, with high top Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, mouse-proof pedals, etc. An attractive organ. Special Sale Price $41

DOMINION — 5-octave parlor organ by the Dominion Organ Co., in solid walnut case, with high top. Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, etc. Special Sale Price, $42

BELL — 5-octave parlor organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in solid walnut case with high top. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, etc. Special Sale Price $43

DOMINION — 5-octave parlor organ by the Dominion Organ Co., in solid walnut case, with high top and bevel edge mirror. Has two complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, mouse-proof pedals, etc. Special Sale Price $49

DOHERTY — 6-octave piano case organ by the Doherty Co., Clinton, in ebonized case, with mirror top and lamp stands. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, couplers, 2 knee swells. Special Sale Price $77

SHERLOCK - MANNING — 6-octave piano case organ by the Sherlock-Manning Co., in attractive double veneered solid walnut case, without mirror top. Has 13 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, mouse-proof pedals, etc., A handsome, almost new organ. Unusually good value. Special Sale Price $85

BELL — 6-octave piano-case organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in attractive walnut case, beautiful mirror rail top. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, couplers, knee swells, mouse - proof pedals, etc. A very handsome instrument. Special Sale Price $88

ESTEY — 6-octave piano-case organ by this celebrated company, makers of the world's most famous organs. In solid walnut case, handsomely carved panels, mirror top. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, couplers, knee swells, etc. Has been used less than six months. Special Sale Price $105

PIANOS

STANLEY — 7-octave square piano by Stanley & Sons, New York, in handsome rosewood case, with carved legs and lyre, serpentine mouldings, etc. Has full iron frame, overstrung scale, good action, etc. Special Sale Price $98

HEINTZMAN & CO. — Square piano by Heintzman & Co., in handsome rosewood case, 7 octaves. full iron frame, overstrung scale. In perfect order. Special Sale Price.. $118

MATHUSHEK—A very fine square piano by Mathushek, New York, New Haven, Conn. 7 1-3 octaves, patent double overstrung scale, heavy iron frame, handsome case, with carved legs and lyre. Original price, $500. Special Sale Price $123

MENDELSSOHN — 7 1-3 octaves upright piano by the Mendelssohn Co., Toronto, in attractive walnut case, with full length plain panels; 3 pedals, practice muffler. Even sweet tone, and is a piano that can hardly be told from new. Has been used less than fifteen months. Special Sale Price $198

WILLIAMS — Cabinet grand upright piano by R. S. Williams, in ebonized case, with plain panels, large trichord overstrung scale, iron frame, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Original price, $375. Special Sale Price $205

BELL — 7 1-3 octave upright piano by Bell & Co., Guelph, in ebonized case with engraved panels. Has mandolin attachment, ivory and ebony keys, etc. In perfect order. Special Sale Price $210

MENDELSSOHN — 7 1-3-octave upright piano by the Mendelssohn Co., in rich, dark walnut case, with full length music desk, carved panels, 3 pedals, practice muffler, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Has been used less than a year. Manufacturers price, $340. Special Sale Price $238

GERHARD HEINTZMAN — 7 1-3-octave upright piano by Gerhard Heintzman, Toronto, in rich burl walnut case full length music desk, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Manufacturers' price, $425. Special Sale Price.... $270

GOURLAY — Cabinet grand upright piano of our own make, in rich dark walnut case, Florentine design, full length music desk and panels, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Has had a few months' professional use, but is in every way in perfect order, and is guaranteed like new. Special Sale Price $305

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,

188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

One of the Little Women.

(From the Chicago 'Post.')

One of the Little Women, she came up to heaven's gate;
And seeing the throng was pressing, she signed that she fain would wait.
'For I was not great nor noble,' she said; 'I was poor and plain,
And should I go boldly forward I know it would be in vain.'

She sat near the shining portal, and looked at the surging crowd
Of them that were kings and princes, of them that were rich and proud;
And suddenly she trembled greatly, for one with a brow like flame
Came to her and hailed her gladly and spoke to her her name.

'Come, enter the jeweled gateway,' he said, 'for the prize is thine;
The work that in life you rendered was work that was fair and fine;
So come, while the rest stand waiting and enter in here and now—
A crown of the life eternal is waiting to press thy brow.'

Then trembled the Little Woman and cried: 'It may not be I.
Here wait they that wrought with greatness, so how may I pass them by?
I carved me no wondrous statues, I painted no wondrous things,
I spake no tremendous sayings that rang in the ears of kings.

'I toiled in my little cottage, I spun and I baked and swept,
I sewed and I patched and mended—O, lowly the house I kept!
I sang to my little children, I led them in worthy ways,
And so I might now grow famous; I knew none but care-bound days.

'So was it by night and morning, so was it by week and year;
I worked with my weary fingers through days that were bright or drear,
And I have grown old and wrinkled, and I have grown gray and bent;
I ask not for chants of glory now that I have found content.'

'Arise!' cried the waiting angel. 'Come first of the ones that wait.
For you are the voices singing, for you do we ope the gate;
So great as has been thy labor, so great shall be thy reward.'
Then he gave the Little Woman the glory of the Lord.

Selected Recipes.

MAPLE BISCUIT.—Make a very rich biscuit dough. Roll out thin in a sheet; cut in half; brush lightly the lower half with butter, and sprinkle over with crushed maple sugar; moisten the other half with milk and press it over the first. Bake in a quick oven and send to table hot.

MACARONI 'ALLA NAPOLETANA.'—Boil three-quarters of a pound of macaroni in salted water until tender. Drain and put in a saucepan with a cup of white sauce, a cup of tomato sauce, six shredded mushrooms, two shredded truffles and half a cup of shredded beef tongue. Place on the stove and cook for ten minutes, then add half a cup of grated Parmesan cheese and cook a minute longer, then serve.

MACARONI WITH LAMB KIDNEYS.—Take a dozen lamb kidneys and split them in half and place in cold salted water and let stand over night. In the morning remove the thin skin and dry the kidneys on a soft towel and roll each lightly in flour. Heat a tablespoonful of butter or dripping in a frying pan and put in the kidneys. Cover and let them simmer gently for thirty minutes, turn them once. To the rich natural juice thus formed add a seasoning of salt and pepper and just before removing from the fire the juice of half a lemon, a tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce and a small cupful of good stock. Serve on a layer of boiled macaroni with garnish of parsley or fresh cress.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS.—To make the paste, or crust, weigh four ounces of flour, to which add a teaspoonful of sugar. Put two gills of cold water with two ounces of butter in a saucepan over the fire; stir gently with a wooden spoon to melt the butter before the water boils. At the first boiling throw in the flour, and stir it very briskly with the spoon, holding the pan fast with the left hand. As soon as the whole is thoroughly blended, lift the pan from the fire, but continue stirring the mixture for about half a minute. The quicker all this is done the better. If it is properly done the mixture will not stick to the pan, but will be as soft as velvet, and not adhere even to the fingers. Let it stand two or three minutes, then mix with it four eggs, one at a time. It takes some time to mix the eggs in well, especially to mix the first one, as the paste is rather stiff. Let the paste stand half an hour after the eggs are in, then stir again a little, and then pour the mixture in eclair pans that come for that purpose, and bake them in a quick oven. When cold, slit each cake on one side and fill with chocolate cream; then close the apperture, and glaze the outside with chocolate. To make the cream, put in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of four eggs, and mix all well with a wooden spoon; add a pint of milk a little at a time, stirring it well through the other ingredients; then stand the pan on the fire, and cook the whole till it becomes quite thick: stir it all the time. Remove it from the stove, and stir in an ounce of chocolate melted over a slow fire in a half gill of milk.

To make the chocolate glaze, put one ounce of chocolate in a saucepan with a teaspoonful of water, and set it over a slow fire. When melted mix with it two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir it all well till perfectly smooth; then dip the cakes in it, or spread the glaze over them.

Coffee eclairs are made exactly the same; only use three tablespoonfuls of strong coffee instead of chocolate and milk.

We ought to consider it a duty to read some little bit of good literature every day of our lives. We will find it a pleasant duty, and if we don't do it we are robbing ourselves of many good things that belong to us.—Nathaniel Butler.

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The above free offer is not good in Toronto and suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district.

A Boy's Hymn.

Just as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me.
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might.
Therefore, to thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and thee.
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for thy sake to win renown,
And then to take the victor's crown,
And at thy feet to lay it down,
O Jesus, Master, Lord, I come.

—Very Rev. Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol.

Lunches for Travelling.

Nothing is more unappetizing than to have to eat from the same lunch basket several meals in succession. After the first meal it looks mussy and scrappy. Try this plan:

Do up each meal by itself in a pasteboard box with change of menu as you would for luncheon at home. Strap boxes compactly together.

Let one, for instance, contain sliced ham, olives, brown bread and butter, cookies and apples. Another fried chicken, white bread and butter, cup of jelly, slices of cake and oranges. Another tongue, chow-chow, rolls and butter, ginger cookies and bananas, and so on.

Throw box and scraps away at close of each lunch.

Still another attractive way is to wrap each separate article of food in oiled tissue paper and then arrange neatly in a lunch basket or box. Thus the sandwiches, meats, relishes, cakes and fruits would each be by themselves.

A generous supply of paper napkins (they are so cheap—3 cents a hundred) should be found in all lunch baskets. These should be thrown away after each meal.

Bottled tea and coffee will make quite an addition to a lunch; and where an alcohol lamp is used, can easily be served hot.

I find tin cups more convenient for use in travelling than china or glass. Regular travelling cups may be purchased at a small expense.

A dozen lemons squeezed out into a bottle will make it possible, with the addition of sugar, to convert the ice-cold tank water into delicious lemonade.

Sterilized milk will also keep well, and is nice where little children are of the party.

Note—A small child doesn't think it is any fun to travel unless there is a lunch or something to eat on the journey. An older child scorns the idea of carrying a lunch, considering it green and cheap looking, but the wiser ones realize the convenience and true luxury of the lunch box. The dining car may be a delight for one or two meals, but it is not always that dining car service can be obtained; then the hurried station restaurants must be resorted to. The greatest inconvenience is in being obliged to wait until the meals are called.—Josephine Weatherby Cooking Club.

A Mother's Heart.

A woman once visited an institution where homeless and friendless children found refuge and looked over the little waifs that were gathered there. Among them she found a child to whom her heart went out, and said,

'This is the child I want for my own.'

'He is not for adoption,' said the person in charge.

The woman looked around among the children and saw no other one to whom her heart went forth, and she went away sorrowful. A few days after she came again and went about the place and looked over the children, and came around again and again to the same child. One day she came again with tears and said:

'Why can I not have the child I want?'

They told her then the story of the child, and of the utter depravity of its parents. There was bad blood in the child, and it would be a terrible risk to take such a child as that. The woman went away sorrowful, but after three or four days she returned and said:

'I have come for my baby. If you think he will be more likely to be a good boy and man with my mother love, and brought up in a Christian home, give him to me. God will take care of the rest.'

Her love prevailed. They gave the ill-born waif into her hands. She took him to her heart. Years have passed since then. Love has prevailed and conquered, and the little helpless, hopeless waif she took to her home has grown up to manhood a faithful, honored Christian gentleman.—'The People.'

Household Hints.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy, clean it with liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high lustre to the glass.

An ever-ready glue pot is a most useful piece of property. It is easily prepared by putting naphtha in a wide-mouthed bottle and dissolving shellac in it.

Finger marks on varnished furniture are removed by rubbing them with a piece of rag dipped in sweet oil. Afterward polish with a dry cloth.

Keep a dozen or more sheets of newspaper on the kitchen table. Wrap the refuse up in the top paper and put it in the garbage pail. In no other way is the kitchen table so easily cleaned.

If every housekeeper knew the value of a chamois skin none would be without one. If one is used in washing windows, mirrors, glasses over pictures, etc., the water being changed often enough so that it does not get dirty, no rinsing or wiping is necessary. Gently wring the skin out of warm water, and no lint or streaks are left. It is also nearly a necessity for properly wiping the polished bodies of carriages and cutters after a washing, as it is the only thing that will leave them unstreaked and shining.—'Farm Journal.'

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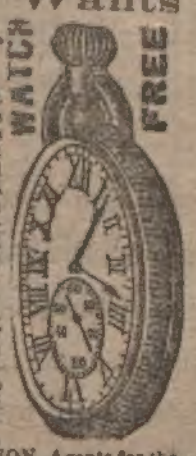

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